

READY for the Servant of the People When Congress Lets Him out to Play—Imposing New Warm Weather White House, Parametta, on the North Shore—President's Summer Routine At His Favorite Playground—Will Have His Private Park, a Clubhouse for Office Staff, An Office Out of Sight and Hearing, a Private Yacht Landing and a Host of Congenial Neighbors—Golf in the Mornings—Ideal Place for Regular Afternoon Motor Trips—His Favorite Clubs and Pleasure Grounds—The "Singing Sands" Where the Summer Capital Will Bathe—Manchester, Its Social Center—Beach Events at Magnolia—All a Paradise for Pleasure Seekers.

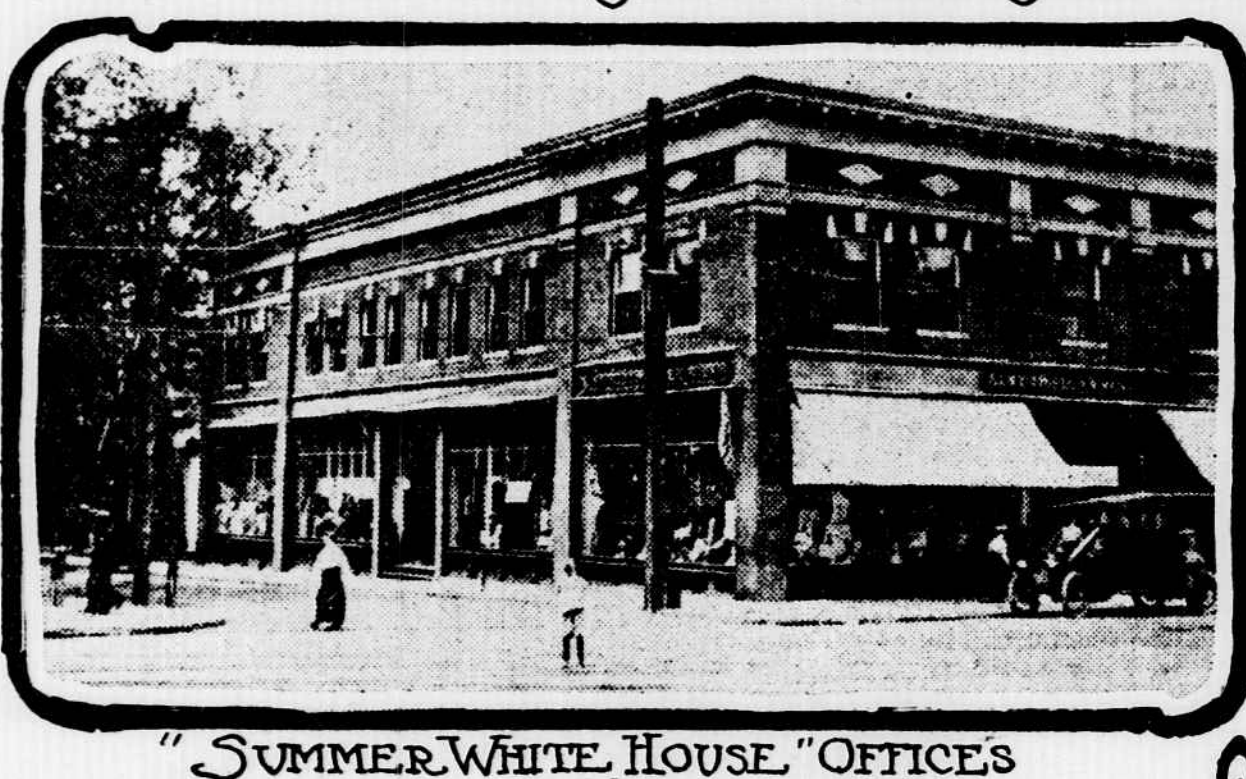
BY JOHN McLEITH WATKINS.

THE new capital of these sizzling United States of America is to be Montserrat, which is on some few up-to-date maps. Motoring up along the Massachusetts "north shore," where sea and forest meet, you pass Lynn, the city of shoes, whizz through the witch town of Salem and buzz thence out of the land of Hawthorne onward to the "Beverly shore," which includes all of that garden strip twist the ancient village, but modern shoe town, of Beverly proper and Cape Ann, paradise of Lucy Larcom.

You breathe the balm of virgin pine forest fringing the foam-kissed bluffs and flit past fields of sweet clover, mustard and chamomile, dotted by quaint windmill towers and separated by "dry walls" of stone. You rumble over old bridges, which Washington, Mass., has built for you, and you are glad to see them, for you like through the witch woods which the Puritan fathers believed to be infested with blood-thirsty lions, and as the sign of the nation's grandest strip of coastline smiles upon you, you pity poor Taft sweating down there in his bachelor hall, at Washington, with Major Domo Hills and Butts.

Standing inland for a mile's spin beyond Beverly village, you come upon Montserrat, the new summer capital of the United States. It is a lovely spot, the new summer White House, Parametta, which, some distance back from the highway, and hidden by a park of old trees, crowns a high hill, and whose

ESSEX COUNTY CLUB SUMMER CAPITAL'S SOCIAL HUB



"SUMMER WHITE HOUSE" OFFICES

eastern and southern windows command a view of Beverly harbor and the sea. The estate of the late Henry W. Peabody is an ample mansion of twenty-two large rooms, of which that already occupied by Mrs. Taft commands the best sea view and the full exposure to the sea breeze. The President's study, here known as the "Beverly study," is a room familiar to those who visited him at Burgess point during the two summers past, for the desk and chairs used in that former summer home have been presented to him by its owner, Mrs. R. B. Evans. The Tafts sorely regretted the removal of the Evans cottage from Burgess point to Marblehead, for they could get no other suitable house directly upon the sea. But although Parametta is a mile farther from the beach, it is nevertheless a mile nearer to the President's favorite playground, the Myopia Golf Club. The former executive cottage is being cut in two sections, which will be left across Salem bay on pontoons. At Marblehead it will be put together again on a lot adjoining the Crowfield estate, and the space which it will leave upon the beach at Burgess point is to be transformed into an Italian garden.

The garage at Parametta will accommodate three of the four White House motor cars that will be shipped up from Washington. The big summer touring car, Mrs. Taft's electric buggy and the automobile baggage wagon. The entrance to the President's pri-

ate park is commanded by a picturesque lodge and this cottage will be used, not as an office, as has been stated, but as a sort of clubhouse for the President's office force.

The summer executive offices will be a mile away, in the rooms of the building of the Beverly Board of Trade. Here Chief Telegrapher Smithers of the White House has been arranging his special wires, which will connect the summer capital with the world at home and overseas.

The President is not expected to visit these offices, which will be in charge of Secretary Hilles and a picked squad of stenographers and clerks. His secretary will motor out to Parametta each morning with such documents as need special attention and after receiving the day's instructions will return to Beverly village.

This village is one of the oldest in New England, having been settled in 1639, only a decade after the Pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, fifty miles to the south by the way the bird flies. Indeed, Beverly can boast of having been an independent incorporated town for 243 years.

By way of emphasizing the contrasts wrought by time they will show you in the Essex county records a petition made by one of Beverly's founders, Roger Conant, to the general court in 1671, to change the name of the settlement from Beverly to Budeleigh. And good Father Conant based his petition on

"the great dislike and discontent of many of the people because (we being a small place) it hath caused on us a constant nickname of 'Beggary' no longer. For to these many years this 'garden city by the sea' has been a millionaires' paradise, surpassed for salubrity and picturesque by no other resort in the world."

The stranger who has driven up from Beverly proper to Cape Ann will not wonder, then, that the first citizen of the realm should have selected this strip, Beverly shore, as his summer playground. Mr. Taft's daily routine while here includes, after the morning business, a daily spin to the Myopia Club, which, despite the modesty of the little farm cottage which serves as its clubhouse, is preferred by him, for golf, to the more picturesque Essex County Club, whither he goes for less athletic diversions. Hamilton, where the Myopia links spread

themselves over the rolling fields, is five miles due north from Beverly, by a road that gradually points the executive touring car farther and farther from the sea. It is here, at Hamilton, that Secretary of the Navy Meyer and Representative Augustus Peabody Gardner, the "pro-gressive son-in-law" Senator Chandler, have their summer estates. The Myopia is more of a field than a house club, and after making his rounds of the links there the President will return to Montserrat for luncheon at Parametta.

Each afternoon is devoted generally to motoring, for the north shore is the paradise of the motorist. From Beverly village the highway threads its way in and out, now trimming close to the wave-lapped rocks, scattered beaches or shimmering coves, on the right, and now dipping back, on the left, into the woods or the cool shadows of the hill crests with their plumage of state trees. Two miles beyond Montserrat is Prides Crossing, another settlement of fine homes—noteable among which is H. C. Prick's—and from here the President passes directly to Beverly Farms, "original" of two great farms, in fact, but now a

checkerboard of great country estates, surrounded by virgin forests and meadows, maintained in all of their aboriginal grandeur. Here the executive touring car spins past that cottage where the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, dated his letters "Beverly-by-the-Depot," and nearly opposite is the old house of Lucy Larcom, who, on this very road, used to see, at the window, wistful "Hannah, binding shoes."

Just off shore "Great Misery Island" now looms up, a rough emerald incrustation in saprophyte, and beyond it West Manchester, then gorgeous Manchester-by-the-Sea, whither the President often takes Mrs. Taft to visit her aunt, Miss Helen Boardman, active head of the American Red Cross Society.

Here the summer capital bathes, at Misses Beach, which, with its famous "singing sands"—so-called because they chirp whenever you tread them—is shown in the accompanying photograph. At Manchester-by-the-Sea is also the wealthy Essex County Club, the President's favorite stopping place, where the parts. It is an all-round country club

and its picturesque clubhouse is the favorite rendezvous of the diplomats and millionaires of the neighborhood. It is the most popular spot for portico life in the afternoon and the social center of the entire north shore.

But four miles farther on and the presidential automobile reaches Magnolia, the playground par excellence of the north shore. Upon the beach here is erected a grandstand, from which are witnessed events in the horse ring and beach race course. And tennis tournaments, as well as races and open-air horse shows, amuse those who motor to Magnolia beach, which is a favorite pleasure ground of Miss Helen Taft.

From these same sands is viewed the famed "Reef of Norman's Woe," that frowning mass of rock which was the scene of Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus." You remember the lines:

And fast through the midnight dark and drear, Through the whistling sleet and snow, Like a leviathan moving on great wings, Toward the Reef of Norman's Woe.

Sometimes the President motors south from Beverly to Marblehead Neck, there to stop at the Eastern Yacht Club, where a fashion comes to sail and dine and dance, especially while the eastern squadron keeps its anchors in these sands.

But Mr. Taft's yacht, the Mayflower and Sylph, will be anchored in Beverly Cove, where the President will have the use of a private wharf from which a

motor boat will take him and his friends out when sailing parties are upon the schedule. And it is here, at Beverly Cove that Major Domo Butts will have his summer quarters in the cottage of H. C. Woodbury.

The President's evening program on the north shore customarily includes porch parties at home, at the clubs or at the cottages of neighbors. And of congenial neighbors he always has a plethora in these parts. His favorite playmate, John Hays Hammond, late special ambassador to the coronation of King George, has his summer home beyond Magnolia and near Gloucester, and Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of the poet, is at Manchester-by-the-Sea, where also the French, German, Russian, Brazilian and Italian summer embassies are established. And right in Beverly of the poet, is at Manchester-by-the-Sea, where also the French, German, Russian, Brazilian and Italian summer embassies are established. And right in Beverly of the poet, is at Manchester-by-the-Sea, where also the French, German, Russian, Brazilian and Italian summer embassies are established.

And there will be near at hand the "cheerful colors" composed of a dozen or so of Mr. Taft's journalistic friends, who will come up to Beverly and take cottages as soon as Congress shuts up and let the servant of the people out to play.

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The Glad-Sad Ducks Whose Wives Are Away

Special Correspondence of The Star.

NEW YORK, July 29, 1911. NIGHTS, lately, at various highly illuminated places where you've got to go if you go anywhere for time-passing purposes in New York, I've met one or two married persons of my acquaintance whose wives are out of town.

They're the dismal-looking fellows. Understand me, please. I don't mean to say that they're not there with the scenery, that they're not groggy appearing and that they're not fresh and all, but that they're not colloquially known as "chucking a bluf."

But they're the dismal-looking cusses, all the same; to the discerning eye, that is; to the eye, perhaps one should say, of a fellow who knows how it is himself. There's something sully sully about them. They ring hollowly, that is. Their cheek-moriness is a palpable pose. Their look, lost in brief, not lost in the sense that their souls are irremediably wrecked but lost in that sense of zonzeness.

Most of 'em I observe drink more than their share and more than they ought to, and their drink, instead of distilling clarity in their spirits, only sends gloom mounting from their heads. They try to make each other believe that they're having a bachelorish kind of a time, with head vagaries about this, that and the other, where they've been, what they've done, and what they're going to do—but it won't do; it's coarse work. The gone-homes is there.

Several times, to test 'em, I've suggested to these glad-sad ducks whose wives are out of town for the summer, that seeing how footloose and all like that that they are, why, what would be the matter with sort of lighting up and showing the town just how much could be done by busy little rosters between the hours of ten in the evening, and say, 7 in the morning. Merely to test 'em out, nothing else.

Did any one of 'em respond to that mad-bad invitation or suggestion, on any one of 'em? It's hard even to get a bunch of 'em together to make up a poker club, for the same reason. The poker orgies that are supposed to take place in the apartments of fellow wives are out of town, with siphons and cigarettes butts and upside-down bottles and discarded decks of cards and things lying all over the rug. Nix on the poker, they say. Too hot. Too cool. Too some old thing always.

Do you know what I think? I put too fine a point upon it, do you know what I know? Well, this: About 95 per cent of these phony glad chaps whose wives are out of town, and who sort of mope around downtown for a few hours of nights trying to make themselves believe that they're having the time of their lives—about 95 per cent of 'em, sink off to their homes long toward 10 or 11 o'clock, switch on the light over the bed, and write love letters to their wives. I know whereof I write and speak. I've seen the duifers do it. I've caught 'em at it. I've dropped in on 'em, casual-like, and I've found them all het up with the agony of composition, and then they say, "Seize, please, while I think this little note to my tailor," and then they write four pages more of love stuff to the spouse, making twenty-two pages in all, and then put the booklet into a big envelope and slap three two-cent stamps and a special delivery stamp on the envelope and address it to their absent wives, and then they sink out to the hall to have the

elevator boy mail that "little note to their tailor"—the poor, lonesome, unhappy, miserable, slinky wretches!

Of all the fictions that have gained supposititiously comic currency during the past quarter of a century, that one which tries to get away with the idea that the husband with the out-of-town wife has a doze of a time during every minute of her absence is the weakest and wabblingest. Not that the ruffians don't really believe, before putting the little woman on the train, that they're going to have a bid-off wallop at the old game. They all think it. But it doesn't eventuate. It doesn't come off.

After about the eighth night of deep, dark, dank gloom and lonesomeness, the unfortunate beings begin to cast sneaky eyes at the calendar and to dope out how long she's going to stay, and some of 'em, then, invent imaginary ailments (getting plant doctor fellows of their acquaintance to go through the dodge to help 'em), in order to mandatorily summon their spouses home to "take care of them," and some of them even become so shameless as to hustle right off to the place where the wife is and tell her that, seeing how how business is fall, why, they just thought they might as well, etc., etc.

It's the hardest job in the world to get a crack at the long-distance telephone booth in downtown New York these summer nights. Answer: The booths are stuffed and uttered with low, indistinct, long-distance moaning of their absent wives. All of the telephone girls in the hotels verify this. The poor lubbers come out of the hot booths gasping and wilted, some of 'em willy-nilly looking around the eyes, and they dig up the feller (even if he is trying to make himself believe that he is having such a gorgeous time) creeps into it alone and looks at it. It doesn't look like a telephone booth. It looks like a jail cell. It looks like a prison. It looks like a place where a man would rather be than anywhere else.

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rates, but she doesn't overcharge, and she makes it a point here, as she always did when she had her establishment on K street in Washington, to give a good fair return for every dollar that a guest hands over to her.

Often I've wondered why this wasn't done years ago. There's money in it for a whole lot of Washington boarding house landladies who know how to conduct attractive institutions of this sort, and who suffer in pocket on account of the shortness of the boarding house season in Washington. Due to the chronology of the congressional sessions, Washingtonians are great folks for "running over to New York" whenever they get the chance, and the price—and it's a sure thing that the great majority of them would prefer to spend their stay here at rate, well connected boarding house, with the down-home air about it, than to be wedged in after about the eighth night of deep, dark, dank gloom and lonesomeness, the unfortunate beings begin to cast sneaky eyes at the calendar and to dope out how long she's going to stay, and some of 'em, then, invent imaginary ailments (getting plant doctor fellows of their acquaintance to go through the dodge to help 'em), in order to mandatorily summon their spouses home to "take care of them," and some of them even become so shameless as to hustle right off to the place where the wife is and tell her that, seeing how how business is fall, why, they just thought they might as well, etc., etc.

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little gag of the man who "is going to buy a car" (says he) and gets a few thousand miles of free automobile travel, and some of 'em, then, invent imaginary ailments (getting plant doctor fellows of their acquaintance to go through the dodge to help 'em), in order to mandatorily summon their spouses home to "take care of them," and some of them even become so shameless as to hustle right off to the place where the wife is and tell her that, seeing how how business is fall, why, they just thought they might as well, etc., etc.

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By CHARLOTTE C. ROWETT.

THEIR is a theory that has been more or less persistent down the ages that man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done.

This has been generally and almost lavishly accepted and commented on in the literature of our own and earlier times, and the thought that there may in certain cases be a trace of deviation from this rule must, I am aware, come upon the more conservative of us with something not unlike a shock.

Yet I have been led of late to question whether this theory, which bears upon its surface so high a tribute to the softer, gentler and yet more enduring sex, may not have some exceptions as hereinbefore hinted at.

There is no doubt that, so far as the dwellers in our larger centers of population are concerned, the theory is a good theory.

In the cities, where the lights shine after dark and the merry whiz goes on from sun to sun, father does indeed often take his evenings off and go for a walk.

But the careful course of investigation in which I have been engaged as to the actual state of things out among our neighbors in the suburbs, in the smaller cities, in the larger towns, and even in the few self-acknowledged villages of this broad land leads me to opine that it is not entirely the case that father belongs, as by divine right, to the anti-housework lunny nor has he joined as a rule the happy band of his fellows who consistently decline to take care of the baby after office hours. I have even had occasion to conclude that there are several—not to say many—cases where father conducts a large and thriving newspaper, bank, dry goods store or office throughout the usual working hours, or is employed as some one in a business of conducting one of these affairs, mops his forehead with a sign of relief, shuts up his desk with a sigh of relief, and hastens to his happy home there to be met at the door by his affectionate wife and a large parlor rug measuring seventy-five feet from tip to tip, and having within its meshes the myriads of microbes gathered through a long and severe contact with the family, who are so pleased to have you with us, George, dear, coos mother, because it takes a large, strong and highly intelligent man like you to handle this rug of ours, the great undertaking having been sincerely declined by Ezra, the handy man, who says he knows nothing about such things, that they are beyond him. But you will know.

Whereupon, father, kindly American man that he is, draws a long breath of joy because now that his idle day is over, he is about to have some enjoyable and healthful exercise and recreation; flits lightly into the house to reap short-cut by in halliments of an earlier vintage, with a towel or other household necessity tucked tightly across his mouth, to hinder, if it may, the interior march of sufficient germs to render him permanently insatiable; seizes upon the wire carpet beater as upon the hand of some friend of his childhood who is thoroughly able and may be willing to lend him money, and proceeds into the backyard and settles into that regular whack-whack-whack, the only sound heard proceeding from this portion of the premises of even our first families and failed, mayhap, to connect with sufficient accuracy with father.

I have also observed the blithe and joyous tilt in the step of father when, at the close of these ceremonies, and encased in a garment for the vacuum sweeper, he is but new in the land—has wandered gaily upstairs, thrown himself on the bed for a moment, and is at once invaded by the light of his home, aged three and lively, who wishes so much to have a game of play with father, dear, knowing as said little does, that his presence and attentions can never be other than warmly welcome.

Thus we note that father's family will as a rule keep him from wasting away from an incurable laziness and so preserve him for a long and useful life. And since the onward march of modern times, with its marvelous labor saving devices, seems not to have done much marching

destinies out into the suburbs till a late hour, returning to change her gown and fling herself upon a large and interesting collection of vintages, get into another set of harness and throw her young heart into the music of the dreamy waltz for another segment of the twenty-four hours which has been massaged out of existence by her steadily moving tootsies.

But when it comes to washing the dishes she is so tired.

Thus, when in the course of time Grace, dear, adds to her possessions in the pantry a new and comfortable living, and stands ready to meet the payments to the weekly washerwoman, he might be permitted to refrain at all times from running the washing machine with one hand while with the other he conducts along its useful career the sewing machine which has been balking all day.

It might be almost demanded that father, when ascending to his room for his day's labor with the sweat of honest endeavor on his noble brow, should be excused from becoming at once the general factotum for odd jobs.

On the other hand, it is true that father is strong. But it has been only recently that he has been called upon to endure calls for a certain amount of conservation. And to the natural proprietors of father let me add that the more cheerfully father bows his head to the family burden the more is he attracted to the more manly and responsible upon his anybody with the slightest sense of fairness.

As for the other sort of man, he can be cheerfully entrusted with the job of taking care of himself.

And as for the adage, "before we can have a man of the house, we must first have a man of the house," it is the confidence usually commanded by the adage to which we are accustomed. It seems to me the thing is a trifle shorn.

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The Proper Way to Walk.

A graceful walk requires that the ball of the foot be put down first and the toes pointed outward. This lends a light and easy motion to the gait, and facilitates progress by lessening exertion.

Ankle movement is the secret of this grace of carriage. A stiff ankle results in the entire sole of the foot striking the pavement simultaneously, giving a jarring, flat-footed motion.

Shoulders thrown back, crown of head held high and chin well in are the rules to be observed above the waist line. This attitude gives the pedestrian a definite, independent air that marks the man of manly frame and a woman of fine and noble bearing should be left free, but the habit of constituting them a sort of human pendulum is to be carefully avoided. A mining step or an exaggerated manish stride is to be equally avoided. Allow the limbs to swing free from the hips and note an exhibition of buoyancy resulting from this practice.